

The Sky Line Trail



Photograph by L. S. Crosby.

VOL. 1 No. 2
March, 1934



*Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.*

Printed in Canada.



Emerald Lake Chalet.

The Annual Camp for 1934

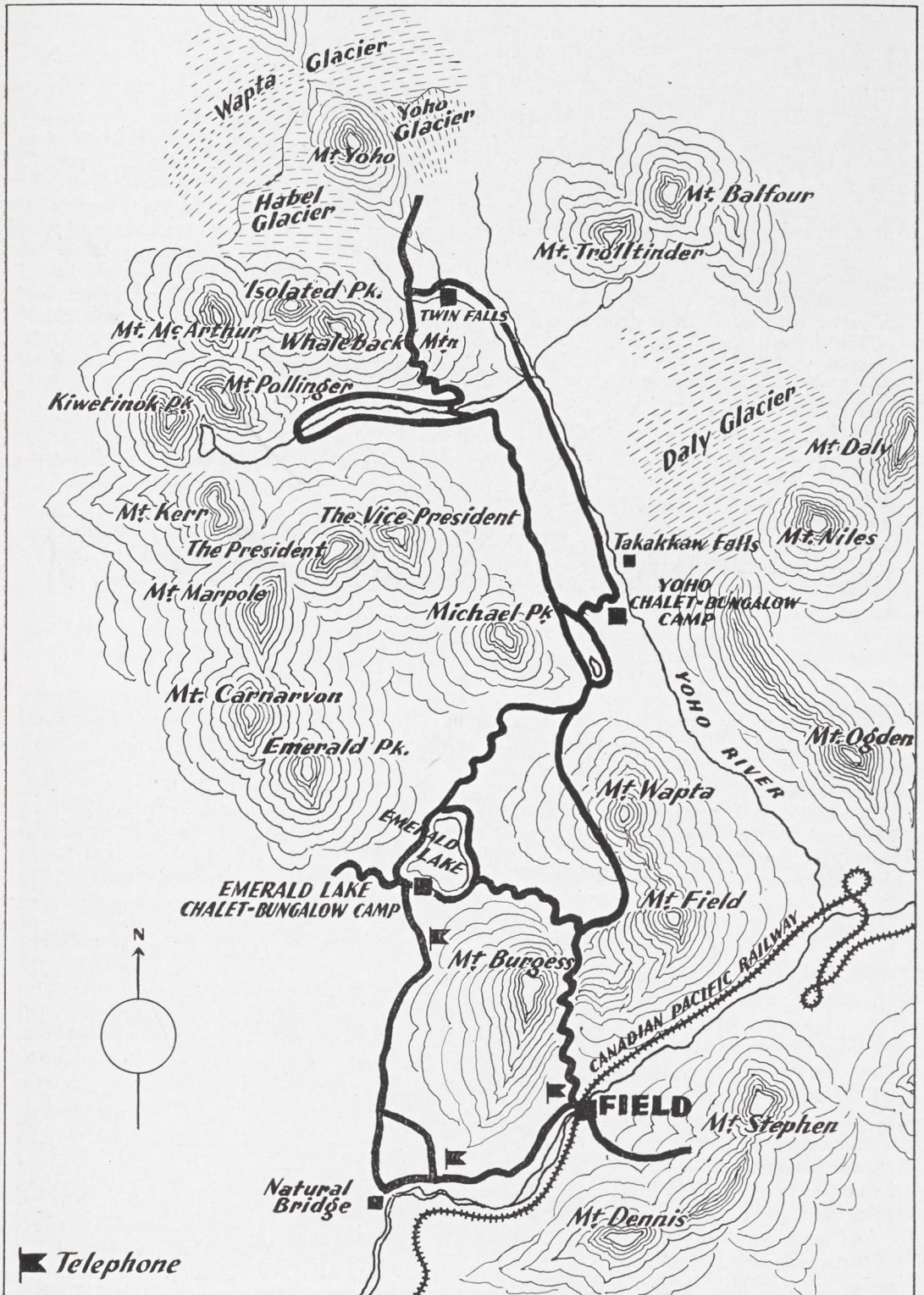
AT the close of the successful if somewhat strenuous inaugural Sky Line Trail Hike last Summer, the consensus of opinion was that we should select a district for the annual 1934 Trail Hike which would involve shorter distances and easier going, the suggestion being made that the Yoho Valley offered excellent possibilities. Captain Russell, Superintendent of the Yoho Parks, Colonel Philip A. Moore and Harry Pollard submitted valuable advice in this connection, and so to Yoho we shall go. The dates selected are Friday, August 3rd to Monday, August 6th, enabling those who wish also to go on the Trail Ride (July 27th to 30th), or participate in the Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada (July 16th to July 31st) to follow on with the Trail Hike.

Present plans are to assemble at Emerald Lake Chalet on the morning of August 3rd, starting out after lunch over the Yoho Pass to the Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp, seven miles distant. This will enable those who come by train either from the East or from the West to Field to reach Emerald Lake in time for the start. The first night will be spent in the Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp, and the morning's hike on the second day will be to Twin Falls. The afternoon's programme will consist of a hike over the upper meadows to the Yoho Glacier, as the old trail to the Glacier is less interesting and the glacier itself has receded so far back in recent years.

Camp for this and also the second night will be at the Twin Falls Cabin, which by Captain Russell's permission will be supplemented by

tent accommodation. The third day will be spent in hiking through the Little Yoho Valley, returning to Twin Falls Cabin. On the fourth day we shall hike over the high line trail back to the Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp, where the Pow Wow will be held in the afternoon. This will enable those who so desire to catch train or bus for Lake Louise and Banff, though many will wish to stay over and hike over Burgess Pass to Field, or continue their exploration of this beautiful Valley.

Although the 1933 Trail Hike resulted in a deficit, it has been decided to charge no more for the 1934 event, so that the price will remain at \$25.00. This will meet expenses only if we have a large turn-out, but we were never pessimists and so — here's hoping!



Map illustrating the proposed Sky Line Trail Hike through the Yoho Valley for 1934, August 3rd to 6th.

THE YOHO VALLEY

The Yoho Valley was first explored by the late Tom Wilson while hunting for stray horses in connection with his job of packing for the C.P.R. Construction gangs in the early eighties, and a bronze plaque in his honour was erected close to the Bungalow Camp by the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at their inaugural Pow Wow in 1924 — just ten years ago. The Valley has been admirably described by Frederick Niven, the wellknown novelist, and we cannot do better than quote from that description:—

"The derivation of Yoho is from an Indian ejaculation of astonishment or wonder, somewhat in the manner of the "Prodigious!" of Sir Walter Scott's dominie. "Yo-h-o!" say the Crees, when they come suddenly upon anything that amazes them. The Stoney Indians say it thus: "Yo-ho!"; and in all this valley, for white visitors of today, it is either a case of "Yo-ho!" or of simply the silence that comes from lack of knowing what to say to voice their admiration.

"There are summer vacation resorts at which, though to be sure we exchange town for country, the summer heat still pursues us. One of the great charms of the Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp is that it is never too hot to sleep refreshingly there. At its altitude we have all the sun of summer days; but we have comfortable nights. The club house is perched in a meadow facing Takakkaw, the stream that comes down from the Daly Glacier. In a fissure of the mountains this stream drops a sheer thousand feet and more. The winds toy with it. It is not, up there, a river of water but a river of foam, and comes down with an oddly leisurely appearance despite its great drop, very much like a falling of those rockets called Golden Rain. It has its colors too, it is not always white; but of that more later. The bungalows, in a semi-circle, are dotted round the community house, each with its simple necessities for those going into the mountains.

"As one sits on the verandah of the community house, lulled rather than at all troubled in spirit by that windborne rumble,

there come at irregular intervals harsher notes in the flow of sound. These are rocks brought down by Takakkaw and dropped into that high cupped projection of the cliff that is like a stupendous font. At times there comes another accent in the orchestration, sometimes so high and crashing as to seem like the first of a peal of thunder, sometimes less thunderous and distinguishable promptly for what it is, crashing, splitting, and with a kind of vast tinkling as of ice in a thousand-fold tumbler; for it is of ice, thawed away from the forefoot of the glacier that lies there invisible above, of ice chunks washed down in the flow, dropped in the great cup and tossed to and fro there into shattered atoms.

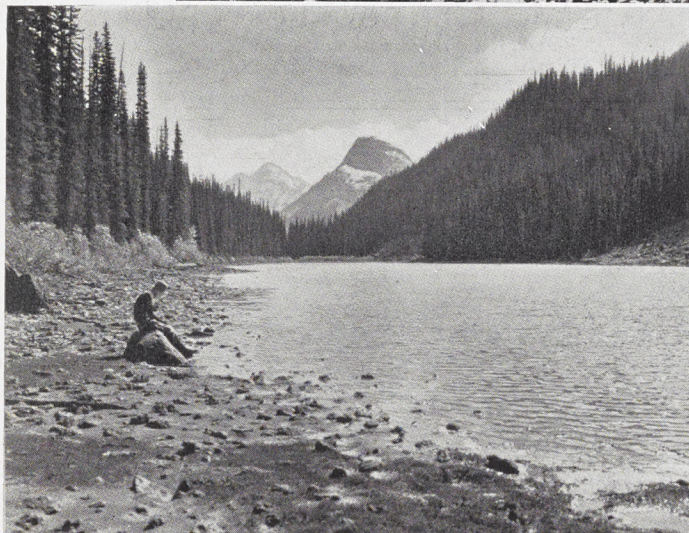
"It is an ideal place, this Yoho Bungalow Camp, for both riders and hikers. About a couple of miles along on the road northward we can turn aside to the left and see the Point Lace Falls. Not as high as Takakkaw, they yet have their beauty. One may weary of the multitude of Bridal Veils in the Rockies, and wonder that those who name places and things have no brighter wit than to see so many foaming



Photo by J. M. Gibbon.

Frederick Niven in the lounge at Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp.

Stream above the Twin Falls, Yoho Valley.



*Daly Glacier and Takahkew Falls
from the High Line Trails.*

Lake Duchesnay, Yoho Valley.

Photos by Associated Screen News.

falls as bridal veils; but Point Lace Falls is otherwise. The name is apt, not banal, for that filigree of foam on a cliff face. Only a few feet further upon the main road, to the right, a trail leads away a mere hundred yards, to other falls, called Angels' Stairs. They come zig-zagging down from high cliffs, the last bastions of the Daly Glacier, again with that oddly leisurely aspect of so many precipitous waters. From shelf to shelf they drop and veer, and drop again.

"Past the bend of the road where one turns aside for Takakkaw Falls, or beyond the Takakkaw Cabins, across the broad shingle of a creek that in summer time is shrunk to a series of little creeks brawling through the shingle, or past the side trails to Point Lace and the Angels' Stairs, we begin to mount into precipitous forests and into a great quiet, as if the quiet of cathedrals had somehow been brought into the open air.

"The trail winds on through the green old peace and brings us to the end of Duchesnay Lake, where it is well worth while to ride quietly out a little way on to the sand; for moose often come there to drink, and may even be seen feeding in the lush grass at the farther end. And sudden, among the green, there is whiteness and then the drumming of a creek. We coast a foaming little gorge, and on a long bridge crossing it look up at the rock over which it pours.

"This is Laughing Falls, and we dismount and turn aside from the trail to see how it

churns in the cup of rock at its base. It is like an inverted fountain, but with the spread at its foot instead of at its top. We mount again and ride on our way to Twin Falls, and soon we see them, far and high, at an angle of maybe fifty degree. Below us a river tomtoms, its canyon strewn with trees brought down out of the forests, criss-crossed and tossed and wild.

"The Yoho Glacier is as if over-laid upon the mountain crest and sides by some master jeweller whose medium is ice and rocks — colored ice, colored rocks — instead of sliver and enamels. The curved top is of a whiteness beyond anything but that of what it is — névé snow. The lower seracs are each individualized in the clear air, with subtle blue shadows. Mrs. Walcott, the gifted wife of a gifted man (the late Dr. Charles D. Walcott, of the Smithsonian Institution), and daughter of a famous mountaineer, took over a series of years, in company with her brother, measurements of the Yoho Glacier to determine the rate of its movement.

"After leaving the Twin Falls Cabin, we ride along the farther, the western edge, of the valley, mounting by easy grades. We pass a little lake, still as glass, and (like glass) mirroring trees and reeds round its edges, and in its middle the sky. To our right, behind an old rock slide, towers a barrier of cliffs; and our coming is announced by the high shrill whistle of a hoary marmot. As we rise in the world we come to a torrent, and the log bridge over it gives us a shock. So much of the old original world has been round us that a bridge seems out of place!



Photo by Associated Screen News.
Community home and cabins, Yoho Valley Chalet Bungalow Camp.

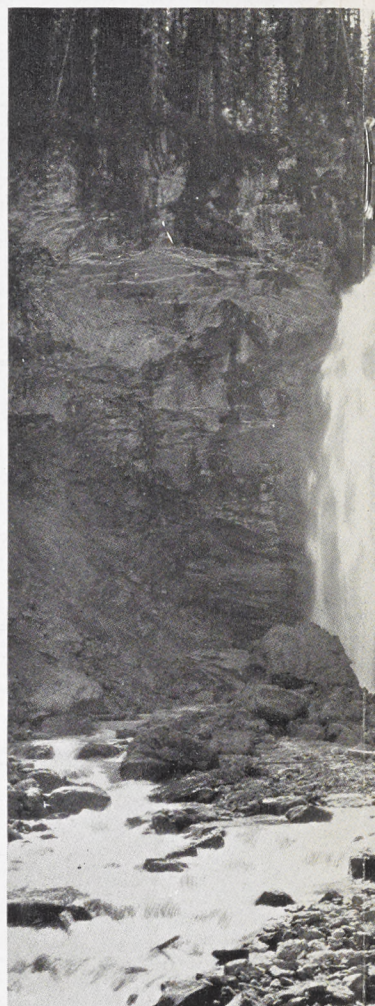


Twin Falls, Yoho Valley.

Photo by Associated Screen News.



Point Lace Falls.



Laughing Falls.



View from ridge above the Little Yoho.



Canyon at the head of the Little Yoho.
Photos by Associated Press.



Falls.



Angel Stairs.



*End of the Yoho.
d Screen News.*



Yoho Glacier from near the High Line Trail.

Crossing it we ride into one of those Alpine meadows that are just dotted with trees and all carpeted with purple and white bryanthus. From the odor of balsam we ride into the scent of wild flowers. Here the Indian paint-brush (both white and red) grows in clusters. To right there is a tree upon which is an old sign: "To the A.C.C. Camp." (Alpine Club of Canada.) That is one of the ways into the Little Yoho Valley. A beautiful lesser valley abutting on the main one, a long lateral sweep of just such high flowered meadows hung round with woods, then rocks, then glacier edges.

"Even as the glaciers seem each to have their individuality, their personality, so do the upland lakelets to which we come. There is one here, Lake Celeste, an exquisite expanse of water, two green mirrors for the surrounding peaks, with a narrows connecting them. Through a V of the hills to north-west of it we look to a sweep of snow; if a white cloud to match it topples above against the shimmer of the sky, the picture is complete. We have left the sound of falls and the roar of compressed waters. There is just utter quiet up here, and the sky. And a little way on we have impression of riding near to

empty space, coasting cloud-land. It is an impression well-founded, though without peril. On our right, beyond the sweeps of false heath, are the crags with their blank faces, but on our left, a few yards away, is just that space.

"We are high above the Yoho Valley, looking across the summer shimmer at the great Waputik snowfield. No snowfield, thus far south, is larger. Its long easy undulations invite an eye-journey. We rein in, and in fancy wander over it from where it sweeps down into Daly Glacier to where the pinnacles of Trolltinder stand fantastically to the empty dome above. We realise how definitely we have been mounting since we left Twin Falls. We are riding in a slight depression of land, this upland meadow sweeping up slightly at its lower end instead of making an increasing grade to the cliff sides; and, dismounting there, the guide invites us to come up that cup-like edge and look. We leave the horses tearing grass and walk a few yards after him.

"Yo-ho, Yo-ho, indeed! As we come to that edge of jagged rocks, a sort of natural bastion, suddenly the sense of quiet ends. There come



Takakaw Falls from the Yoho Chalet Bungalow Camp.

C.P.R. Photo.



C.P.R. Photo.

Summit Lake on the Yoho Pass between Emerald Lake and Yoho.

to us, slam, abrupt, a roar of waters and a sigh of wind. The sigh is in the tops of the forest on which we look down a thousand feet below; the roar is of all the foaming torrents blent, below again, and beyond, and everywhere, of Yoho and Takakkaw, of the Angels' Stairs and Point Ledge, of Laughing Falls, of Whisky-Jack Falls, and all the other tumbling waters of that valley upon which we look down.

"The Camp from which we started we cannot see below us; it is hidden by a ledge of rock, over which Whisky-Jack Falls pour down, but away south through a gap of the tossed landscape we can pick out, in that clear air, the faint scar of the Canadian Pacific track going into the Spiral tunnels beyond the Kicking Horse River.

"We can if we wish, when we come again to a fork in the trail, ride straight on into the timber and go dropping down through the woods there to Summit Lake; or, if we prefer, we can take the descending trail that leads into the woods immediately over the invisible Yoho Camp, and so home. That, for one with time to spare, is the usual procedure, for the trail ahead through the last rocks shows us no more of the great sweep of Yoho than we have already seen, and to Summit Lake we can go another day, and another

way. Having entered the timber again, and got down-hill half-way to camp we see a board on a tree, beside a path tangential off uphill again — the trail, announces that board, to Summit Lake, Burgess Pass, Emerald Lake.

"Our objective today is beyond Summit Lake, round the shoulder of Wapta and on to Burgess Pass. It is a wonderful journey. The great crags of Wapta flaunt up to left close by. To right, at every step, there bob up higher new visions of the President Range, and then, as the trail swings south, and rises over the flanks of Wapta, it is once again for us: "Yo-h-o!"

"We can, if we care, go on through the Pass and then either down-hill to Field or, at a fork of the trail to right, to Emerald Lake. All along the ridge here that lake is visible below us. There are various Emerald Lakes in the great ranges; but there is nothing trite, certainly, in the naming of this one. The name is right — just right: Emerald Lake. There it lies in the valley, as Tom Wilson, the old trail maker of these parts, saw it forty years ago and more, shimmering green to the sun. If we cannot, on the shoulder of Wapta going into Burgess Pass, let slip the worries of our life, then we are manacled to them indeed and by no travel can escape.



Twin Falls Cabin.



Mounts President and Vice-President seen from the Little Yoho Valley.

On the High Line Trail, Yoho Valley, looking onwards Mount Cathedrals.



Photos by Associated Screen News.

*Mount Vice-President in the Little
Yoho Valley.*

(National Parks Branch Photo)



*Mount Whaleback in the Little
Yoho Valley.*

*Mounts Collic and Des Poilus and
Yoho Glacier.*

Photos by Associated Screen News.

"The guides can point out to you the way to the now well-known Burgess Pass Fossil Quarry, which was discovered by Dr. Walcott in 1910. This quarry has yielded to science the finest and largest series of Middle Cambrian fossils yet unearthed, and the finest invertebrate fossils discovered in any formation. These wonderful specimens are now to be seen at the Institution's Museum at Washington. The shale of Burgess Pass is remarkable in that it keeps in preservation animals as non-resistant as worms and jellyfish, even to their internal parts. When the great slabs of this shale were blasted loose they had then to be split very carefully with a chisel to expose the fossil remains in them, that had been there through the long ages as flowers are pressed between the leaves of a book. For twenty million years or more these various creatures had lain there, and the significance of these discoveries regarding a wider knowledge of the making of this wonderful old planet of ours is obvious. Once that shale was mud, in which these creatures of earth's early days were embedded. There they remained through the slow ages, subjected to the pressure of that mud, and of sand and pebbles, till all was changed by that pressure and by chemicalization into sandstone, shale, limestone. Then came the lateral thrusts upraising these mountain ranges till what had been river bed became mountain summit; and there, in the peaks between Field and the Yoho Valley, all manner of queer things that had once, ages and ages ago, slithered in ooze, were elevated intact and kept for the curious twentieth-century geologist to pry loose."

Note for Sky Line Trail Hikers

Registers will be kept this summer at the Canadian Pacific Chalet-Bungalow Camps and also at Emerald Lake Chalet, Chateau Lake Louise, Banff Springs Hotel and the Mount Royal Hotel, Banff, so that those who hike may be able to record the various trails they have covered. Convenient charts showing suitable trails for hiking are in preparation and will be sent to members with the next bulletin, which will be issued at the end of April or early in May. Membership in the Sky Line Trail Hikers costs only one dollar a year, and twenty-five miles of duly recorded trail hiking within the National Parks of the Canadian Rockies entitles the member to the silver insignia of the Order.

Trail Hiking on the Increase

Hitting the trail on shanks' mare was a popular sport in Sequoia National Park last summer, says a memorandum issued by the U. S. Department of the Interior. Tramping has always enjoyed favor in England and Germany, but the American tourist has leaned to cushiony motor cars. In Sequoia Park, however, automobiles are now being discarded at the nearest parking places in favor of healthy tramps through the forests and valleys. During the month of July more than 15,000 persons signed the park trail registers, and Arno B. Cammerer, Director of the Office of National Parks, Buildings and Reservations, states that patrolling rangers believe only about half of the persons using the trails sign the registers.



Club House at Emerald Lake Chalet.

Photo by Bridgen's.



Photo by Australian Travel Association.

Hiking in Australia.



Reflections at Emerald Lake, Canadian Rockies.

C.P.R. Photo.



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